

# URGENT NEED FOR PROMPT AND ENERGETIC ACTION TO MEET MEXICAN CRISIS

(BY H. D. S.)

"No chip on the shoulder, no swaggering before the world, but a firm stand, and deeds when deeds are necessary."

THE QUOTATION is from John Hay, the quiet, forceful, wise statesman, scholar, and soldier, who, by the way, sent word to the Morocco bandits in the memorable dispatch: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead"; Perdicaris, a naturalized American of Greek birth, had been taken by bandits under a leader named Raisuli, for ransom; Hay secured his quick release, though it was on the other side of the world. The United States was taken at its word, in those days.

If ever there was a time when deeds were necessary, that time is today. It was for less than we have suffered in Mexico, that the combined powers marched to Pekin. It is for less than we are now suffering in Mexico, that American troops remain in China to this hour, and in Nicaragua.

"No swaggering, but a firm stand, and deeds when deeds are necessary." It is the belief of the El Paso Herald that if the massacre of a score of Americans Monday near Chihuahua is not made the occasion of a drastic and immediate lesson to bandits, administered either by the Carranza government or by our own government, things will go from bad to worse. Murders, outrages, and wholesale massacres will become common, and the final result will be a tremendous uprising among the people of the United States and probably a general war between the two nations.

The immediate adoption of a firm policy, and the immediate administering of a much needed lesson, will be the only way to avert more frightful tragedies than

any that have yet occurred. It will be impossible to let things go on much longer as they have gone. The Washington government is trifling now with forces it does not understand or estimate at their true value. It should realize that it is dealing with the passions of men, and that danger to the cause of international peace now charges the very air.

This outrage must be the last. The toll runs up to about 200 killed—authenticated cases. Property losses, though aggregating hundreds of millions, we may ignore for the time being. The main point now is to insure personal safety to Americans, wherever they may lawfully be. The United States must make it clear to Mexico and to all Mexicans that if the rights of Americans to personal safety cannot be guaranteed and enforced by that country, the American government will undertake to do it. There is nothing unfriendly to Mexico in this attitude; it is the truest friendliness. It is the kind of assistance that Mexico should welcome.

The only bright gleam in the news of these last several days is the word, as yet not authenticated, that the commander of the Villa bandit band that massacred the Americans at Santa Ysabel has been taken prisoner at Madera. If the story is true, it is fortunate that the brute was not shot down on sight; for the lesson to be administered will be more impressive if Rodriguez shall be executed by a Mexican firing squad after the form of a trial. If he should be permitted to escape, then the people of the United States would know exactly how to estimate the Carrancistas, and prepare themselves to act accordingly. The story of Rodriguez's capture, however, may be only a frame-up designed to allay excitement. It must be disbelieved until it is fully confirmed.

Even the execution of Rodriguez will not avail to prove to the United States that the Carranza government

is acting in good faith. Loper must be taken or killed also, and the bandit band rounded up and annihilated, before the people of this country will begin to consider the latest outrages expiated in part. If the Carranza government will not do this, the government of the United States should send a military force to do it.

The matter of money indemnity is secondary, in a national sense, to that of summary punishment of the assassins. But it should not be allowed to rest. Let a demand be made on the Carranza government for \$50,000 gold for each authenticated case of an American wantonly killed in Mexico or killed on the American border by bullets from Mexico, since the revolution against Diaz began in 1910; \$20,000 gold for each authenticated case of wounding or personal assault of Americans in Mexico or on the border; these demands to be conditioned solely upon proof of the facts presented by the American government, and not subject to any arbitration or any Mexican claims commission or court. Let there be joined with this demand, a demand for the early settlement of all just claims for property losses, through the medium of a joint claims commission, and if necessary, reference to an international court. Let reasonable time be given for making settlement of these just demands. The United States should prepare itself to enforce its just claims promptly by seizure of ports, blockade, and general occupation should that become necessary.

Americans have gone into Sonora very generally during the last few weeks, in response to the invitation of the Mexican government representatives. Doubtless there are many more in Chihuahua, who have not heard of these latest murders. The Mexican bandits will take advantage of the disturbed state of the country and the general panic to carry on a campaign of killing and looting all over the northern states. The Carranza

authorities should be asked to cooperate with the Americans in getting word to these people and escorting them to safety.

It is proposed that the Carranza government be urged to issue vigorously worded proclamations for putting throughout the northern states, declaring instant death to all bandits, such punishment to be administered summarily by civil or military authorities in the field after the briefest formal trial. The suggestion might work well, if the Carrancistas could find enough troops to make a showing of military occupation in the outlying districts.

Above all, let this horrible tragedy be the signal for a complete reversal of policy by the Washington government and the adoption of a policy as vigorous and so persistent that the de facto government must strive itself to clear up the country and reestablish order. The stimulus thus given to Mexico and Mexico will be good for that country. The United States can accomplish much along this line without military intervention if the Washington administration will only try to realize the gravity of the present crisis and act accordingly.

In any event, if American troops must enter Mexico, it will be only after five years of almost continuous provocation on Mexico's part, and almost incredible patience on the part of the American people; and it will be solely for the purpose of administering chastisement to outlaws and assisting the constituted authorities of Mexico to recover actual possession of their country. Resistance would be costly, in life and treasure, but it would be vain. If the Americans once determine to occupy Mexico they will do it, and they will hold it until the country is redeemed from its present degradation and made reasonably safe for Mexicans and foreigners alike.

## Short Snatches From Everywhere.

Hardly anybody goes to jail until his money runs out.—Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette.

Our own notion of a hard luck story is the top one of a London house.—Columbia State.

When hit by the second note, the Austrian ship of state came to a full stop.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The trouble with most men who say they are overworked is that they are underenergized.—Los Angeles Tribune.

If gasoline goes to 10 cents a gallon, the pedestrian will have a better chance to live through 1916.—New York Mail.

It looks as if the really lucky members of the Ford peace expedition were those who never joined it.—Chicago Herald.

Our idea of an average citizen is one who doesn't recognize his civic consciousness until he has to pay his taxes.—Dallas News.

Out west the tidy and handy word "hyphenated" is supplanting the longer and cumbersome "hyphenated."—Rochester Post-Express.

Any man who hangers for military glory can get it by moving to Texas and being made a colonel in 30 days.—New Orleans States.

When a man begins to argue with his conscience as to whether a thing is right or wrong the chances are that it is wrong.—Chicago News.

"Girls are popular in Siam," says a woman traveler, and without violating any confidence we will add that it is a habit they have everywhere.—New Orleans States.

It will seem like the good old times when Sir Thomas Lipton and his challenge for the America's cup got back on the first page again.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Vermont Most Popular Pocket Edition State Is Slightly Smaller Than One Nevada County

By GEORGE FITCH.

VERMONT is one of our most popular pocket edition states. It is one-half of a philopene—New Hampshire being the other—and is slightly smaller than Nevada, though considerably more prominent, socially.

Vermont has the best foundation of any state. It is solid marble and the humble Vermont farmer could go out back of his barn and blast the ingredients for a royal palace out of his cow lot if he had time. Agriculture in Vermont is conducted with dynamite, pickaxes and channelling machines, and the farmer has to treat his farm as if it were a parlor car in order to keep from wearing all the soil off of its beautiful stone substructure. Vermont has some of the thinnest skinned farms in the world and some of the thickest skinned politicians.

The population of Vermont is about 268,000 people, most of whom were born there. The state is annoyed by immigration. On the other hand, almost every day the population of some Vermont town goes down to the state to bid good-bye to some citizen who is going west to buy a farm large enough to balance a calf on without sacrificing the potato patch. Vermont has sup-

plied the ancestors for hundreds of thousands of western people, and is regarded with great affection everywhere west of New York. Tombstones and ancestors are in fact its greatest exports.

Vermont is located on about twenty-four branch line railroads and Lake Champlain and has a skyline composed of the Green mountains which beats New York City's famous hand-made skyline all hollow. Lake Memphremagog, its largest body of water, was discovered and named by three strong men many hundreds of years ago. The capital of the state is Montpelier, a small town cleverly concealed on a branch of the Boston & Maine. Vermont has a full-sized legislature, composed of two separate houses, and when it is in session the women of the state have to help out in the chores.

Vermont has had a glorious history and has insured three times—once against the Indians, once against the British, and once against Massachusetts, which attempted to swallow it. The state has been very meek and mild during the present century, however, and has not as yet claimed the privilege of electing its own senators. (Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)

exports. The soil of Vermont when properly cut and polished makes beautiful tombstones, and the Vermont boy if caught young enough and transported to some western state becomes a congressman with scarcely any effort.

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## ABE MARTIN

EXIT



Rev. Wiley Tanager was struck by a light car of poplar brand yesterday. Nothing but a big dinner 'll git some families 'tether.

## Tubercular Patients Are City's Big Problem American Flag Waves Daily From City Hall

IT IS ITS tubercular problem, El Paso has a mammoth task upon its hands," said J. R. Gwin. "People from all over the country flock here, most of them in the last stages of the disease and at the end of their resources and become public charges. El Paso cannot provide free sanatorium care for the people of the whole nation, yet it must and it is its duty to do as much as possible for these unfortunate people. In the cases that have come under the care of the associated charities we have found a variety of ways to help. People who have relatives at their homes, or in whose home states there are public sanitariums we send back to these. For it is better to spend the money on their transportation and get them some place where they will be cared for than to try to help them when they cannot be given the right care nor food here. Other cases sometimes need a little help at first, in getting located in the right kind of quarters, etc., many of these have some small income from relatives at home. We will always have a large number of homeless transient tubercular people and for these I think the tent colony near the County hospital is the only solution at present."

"I know both Watson and Wallace who were killed at Cusi," said John anybody for a right-of-way through their farms. Ellick Hollwanger has been arrested for sitting down too hard on the front porch at the post office. Slim Pickens has returned from a pleasant stay at Tiverville, where he was the guest of the jailer for a few days, on account of some slight puncture in the tire of his car. He would not mind being in jail if there was a little more freedom about it.

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Welsner, of Torreon, N. M. "And I consider it the most tragic thing that has grown out of the entire revolutionary situation would clear up the situation here, most of them in the last stages of the disease and at the end of their resources and become public charges. El Paso cannot provide free sanatorium care for the people of the whole nation, yet it must and it is its duty to do as much as possible for these unfortunate people. In the cases that have come under the care of the associated charities we have found a variety of ways to help. People who have relatives at their homes, or in whose home states there are public sanitariums we send back to these. For it is better to spend the money on their transportation and get them some place where they will be cared for than to try to help them when they cannot be given the right care nor food here. Other cases sometimes need a little help at first, in getting located in the right kind of quarters, etc., many of these have some small income from relatives at home. We will always have a large number of homeless transient tubercular people and for these I think the tent colony near the County hospital is the only solution at present."

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considered one of the best markets for cars in the United States, of all models."

"All we have to do in my country is the prosperity of El Paso and the wonderful growth that this little city is enjoying," said C. H. Johnson, of El Paso, Texas. "El Paso is certainly advertised in the southwest and there is hardly a day passes that someone living either in Uvalde or that vicinity does not come here on business. I am returning to my home from California, and I would like to say that I do not believe that any of the coast cities have anything on El Paso in the matter of paved streets and competent policemen."

"I was very glad to see the editorial upon careless auto drivers in Wednesday's Herald," said C. M. Anderson. "The safety of everyone depends upon the common decency of the automobile driver. No amount of traffic laws will protect pedestrians or right minded drivers from accidents unless there was a traffic cop on every street corner of the city, without the decency and fair play mindfulness of the auto driver. I have seen just such incidents as the one described in the paper and narrowly missed being hurt in a similar incident myself. Surely every right minded man must realize that the loss of a few minutes time crossing a street is better than the risk being responsible for a man's life."

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## Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and Mother Goose."

By EDWARD S. GARIS.

ONCE upon a time, not so very many years ago, when ice cream cones sold two for five cents apiece, Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice old rabbit gentleman, was staying in a house, or underground house, with Sammie and Susie Little, the bunny children; for the hollow stump bungalow of Uncle Wiggly had burned down, you remember.

"And we are so glad to have you live with us," said Sammie, "that we wish you'd stay forever, Uncle Wiggly."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," spoke the bunny uncle. "You see we are getting old, crowded here since I brought the three little pigs—Grunter, Squealer and Twisty-Tail—home with me."

Mr. Longears had, that you know, saving the three little pigs in their houses of straw, wood and brick from the bad wolf, as I have told you in the three stories just before this one.

"Oh, we love the three little pigs," said Susie. "We want them to stay also."

But just then came a knock on the door of the underground house, and when Mrs. Longears, the nice old lady, opened it, there was a dear little old woman, with a dress made of flowered silks, and with a tall peaked cap on her head.

"Why—why, it's Mother Goose!" cried Sammie, "a picture of one of his books."

"Yes, I am Mother Goose," said the old lady, and she looked for three little pigs—Grunter, Squealer and Twisty-Tail—who had run away.

"They didn't run away," said Uncle Wiggly. "They have been brought home with me to save them from the bad wolf. But won't you come in, Mother Goose?" he asked politely.

"Thank you, I will," answered Mother Goose, and in she came, making such a low polite bow, that her cap fell off, but Sammie picked it up for her.

So Mother Goose went in the rabbit house, making herself small on purpose, which, being a sort of fairy god-mother, she could easily do. And then she heard how Uncle Wiggly had saved the three little pigs and she thanked the rabbit gentleman.

"But now you had better put your mittens on your paws and come home with me Grunter, Squealer and Twisty-Tail," said Mother Goose.

So, though Sammie and Susie Little wanted the three little pigs to stay with them, and though the little pigs themselves would like to have stayed, they were good and did what Mother Goose told them.

"I'll walk a little way with you, Mother Goose," said Uncle Wiggly, "have not been out today, and I must have my walk or I will get so stiff from my rheumatism that I won't be able to move."

So the old rabbit gentleman walked with Mother Goose, the three little pigs running on ahead and peeping their funny, pink wrinkly noses down in the snow.

"Well, here is where I live," said Mother Goose at last, pointing to a red house next a big rubber boot, with lead windows in, as well as a door, and a chimney on top.

"Why, does some one live in there—in that rubber boot?" asked Uncle Wiggly, as he saw smoke coming out of the chimney.

"Yes," answered Mother Goose. "The old woman who used to live in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do, moved into the rubber boot, as it is so much larger. But won't you come in, Uncle Wiggly?"

The rabbit gentleman was just going to say he would be very glad to, when, all of a sudden, Old Mother Hubbard came running out of the little red house. As soon as Old Mother Hubbard saw Mother Goose, the old lady who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone cried:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! He can't pull it out. He can't pull out his thumb."

"Can't pull out his thumb? Who can't?" asked Uncle Wiggly. "And who did he put his thumb in?"

"And who did he put it in his mouth?"

"Mercy, no!" cried Old Mother Hubbard. "It's Little Jack Horner I'm talking about. He sat in a corner, you know, and was eating a Christmas pie. He put in his thumb, to pull out a plum, and then he cried:

"Oh, I know what he cried!" said

Uncle Wiggly quickly. "It's in the book. He cried 'What a great boy am I!' Didn't he?"

"Not Oh, no!" answered Mother Hubbard. "He ought to have cried that, but he didn't. He just cried tears, because the pie is so sticky that he can't pull out his thumb, to say nothing of a plum. Oh, what shall we do, Mother Goose?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," answered the lady who had gone after the three little pigs. "We must get old Dr. Phil, I suppose."

"Hail! Perhaps I can get Jack Horner's thumb out of the pie," said Uncle Wiggly. "Though I am not a doctor."

"Oh, if you only could!" exclaimed Mother Goose. "It would be such a help. Do try."

So the rabbit gentleman went in the house where Little Jack Horner was sitting in a corner. Surely enough Jack couldn't pull his thumb out of the pie. But Uncle Wiggly, with his strong paws, just made for digging, dug a hole in the pie, around Jack's thumb, loosening it, and soon the Christmas pie boy could pull out his thumb, and also with it a plum, and he then cried:

"What a great boy am I!"

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly, I don't know what we would have done without you," said Mother Goose. "You are so good."

"And I thank him very much," said Jack Horner, as he got. The rabbit gentleman, a piece of his Christmas pie. So Uncle Wiggly had an adventure after all, you see, and if the snow shovel doesn't go off by itself sliding down the hill, so the ash can has to sprinkle sawdust on the slippery sidewalk. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the dull gold fish. Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

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## HOGWALLOW NEWS



Dunk Botts, Regular Correspondent. (Copyright 1916, Adams Sign.) (George Birmingham.)

THE Wild Ono school teacher says in the business offices the adding machines takes the place of brain. Had every one studied their arithmetic lessons more closely instead of playing "hooky," there would not have been such a demand for these machines today.

The two twins of the Cal Riba neighborhood were in our midst this week, and before departing for home they bought some two-for cigars. The two twins seem to enjoy one another's company more than they do anybody else's, as they remind each other of each other more.

Slime Pickens came into possession of a new derby hat while over at Tiverville the other day. The derby is too large at present, so Slime expects to fatten up a lot this summer.

A good many attended the discussion at Roundup Billows. The ques-

tion was one that has never yet been settled, being entitled, "Ought a Man Get Married?" The negative side won, as the judges have all been married one or more times.

The postmaster, who was a staunch Republican up to the time of the last national election, who constantly changed his politics while no one was looking, has decided to remain neutral for a while yet, on the possible outcome of the election next fall.

Luke Matthews says if some of these old fellows you see sitting around on stumps now trying to draw pension had been in the thickest of the civil war they could not remember so many tales to tell now.

Jefferson Pickocks has a grievance against the high-handed manner in which the government does business. He says when it began to lay out the parcel post system, it cut the country up into small units, and never ask-

anybody for a right-of-way through their farms. Ellick Hollwanger has been arrested for sitting down too hard on the front porch at the post office. Slim Pickens has returned from a pleasant stay at Tiverville, where he was the guest of the jailer for a few days, on account of some slight puncture in the tire of his car. He would not mind being in jail if there was a little more freedom about it.

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